

# Cattle Call

Dwight Yoakam

(Woo - hoo - woo - ooo - to - do)  
(Woo - hoo - ooo - oop - to - do - do)  
(Woo - hoo - woo - ooo - to - do)  
(Doo - do - do - do - op - to - do.)

The cattle are prowlin' the coyotes are howlin'  
Way out where the dogies bawl  
Where spurs are a - jinglin', a cowboy is singin'  
This lonesome cattle call.

(Woo - hoo - woo - ooo - to - do)  
(Woo - hoo - ooo - oop - to - do - do)  
(Woo - hoo - woo - ooo - to - do)  
(Doo - do - do - do - op - to - do.)

He rides in the sun 'til his days work is done  
And he rounds up the cattle each fall  
Woo - hoo - woo - ooo - to - do  
Singin' his cattle call.

For hours he will ride on the range far and wide  
When the night winds blow up a squall  
His heart was a feather in all kinds of weather  
He sang his cattle call.

He's brown as a berry from ridin' the prairie  
And he sings with an ol' western drawl  
Woo - hoo - woo - ooo - to - do  
Singin' his cattle call.

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(Doo - do - do - do - op - to - do)...